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SETTLING A PAUPER:

A 'CURIOSITY' OF THE LAWS OF ENGLAND.

ONE of the most remarkable cases that have fallen under my notice since I joined my Circuit, arose out of a dispute respecting what is technically called the 'settlement' of a pauper. This dispute, in its different stages, gave rise to several suits, in which the litigant parties were, on the one side, the parish of Bedminster, or rather that part of it which lies in the city of Bristol; and on the other, the three parishes of St Martin, Prendergast, and St Thomas, in the town of Haverfordwest, in Pembrokeshire—each parish being represented by its churchwardens and overseers. I shall relate the circumstances as they were to be gathered from the proceedings on both sides. Many a parallel chapter might doubtless be found in those unwritten annals which we are accustomed to call 'short and simple;' and yet these passages in the lives of the poor are so seldom heard of beyond their own class, and so imperfectly understood from what is published respecting them, that to many of my readers the story disclosed by this record will probably seem not a little strange.

I may as well premise, for the information of those who have only a vague notion of what is meant by the 'settlement' of a pauper, that, although a system of parochial relief to the destitute poor was established by parliament in the reign of Henry VIII., it was not until 1662, in the reign of Charles II., that the legislature laid the foundation of what is now known as the 'law of settlement,' or, in plainer words, the law which determines the parish a pauper belongs to, and to what place therefore (in order to give effect to the law as between different parishes) a pauper, who has become an actual recipient of parochial relief elsewhere, may be removed. This is what is meant by the 'settlement' of a pauper, and the removal of a pauper to his 'place of settlement.'

If we turn to the statute-book for that year, we shall find that there then existed in this country an indigent class of persons, who travelled about, endeavouring to settle themselves in those places where there were 'the best stock,' and 'the largest commons and wastes on which they might build cottages,' and 'the most woods for them to burn and destroy,' roaming about in this manner from place to place, till, as the parliament-roll expresses it, 'at last

they become rogues and vagabonds, to the great discouragement of parishes to provide stocks where they are liable to be devoured by strangers!' It was for the purpose of obviating these evils that an act was passed which enabled justices of the peace to remove strangers of this class that were likely to become chargeable to the parish. By the terms of the statute, upon complaint made by the overseers of the poor within forty days after a person coming so to settle in any tenement under the yearly value of ten pounds, the justices might issue their warrant for the removal of such person to the parish where he was '*last legally settled*, either as a native, householder, sojourner, apprentice, or servant for the space of forty days at the least.' Although the law relating to the rights of paupers has been greatly modified since the time of Charles II., this particular enactment is still to be observed with regard to the several heads of settlement it enumerates, and the limits of the authority it conferred.

In this country, wherever a man's parents may have come from, the parish in which he was born is deemed *prima facie* his place of settlement. As an old case expresses it, 'where the parent is a vagabond, the birth of a legitimate child gains for it a settlement, otherwise it would be *born a vagrant*.' But if a man should acquire a settlement in his own right—by estate, or by renting a tenement, for example—he thereby relinquishes and loses his birth-settlement, and thereby also any settlement he may have derived from his parents is superseded. By a like process, a pauper's birth-settlement is superseded by proof of his *father's* birth-settlement, or any settlement derived or acquired by his father while the pauper was an unemancipated member of his family; or if the pauper's father have no settlement, and the mother's maiden-settlement be proved, then the place of the mother's settlement, and not the pauper's own birthplace, would be deemed his place of settlement. Bearing these primary rules in mind, the reader will be enabled to follow without difficulty our account of the process of 'settling' the pauper in the particular case before us.

In the autumn of 1856, Robert Ellis, formerly a sergeant in the 94th Regiment, took up his abode in Bishop Street, Bedminster, bringing with him his wife, named Albina, and her two children by a former marriage. He died there in the following March, leaving his widow, whose little savings had been exhausted

during his last illness, with barely sufficient means to pay for his funeral. Unlike a great many soldiers' wives, Mrs Ellis was industrious and orderly in her habits, and being an excellent needlewoman, she managed to maintain herself and her two children for nearly a year after her husband's death, without any assistance from the parish. But difficulties accumulated upon her, work fell short, and in the winter of 1857—1858 she was driven to apply to the overseers of the poor for relief. There was no pretence for saying that she was settled in the parish of Bedminster, and as it was more than probable that she would continue to require relief, it became the duty of those officers to ascertain to what other parish she belonged.

She informed them that she was married to Sergeant Ellis at St Martin's Church, Haverfordwest, in October 1854; that she did not know where he was born, although she had heard that he came from Killaloe, in the county of Clare, Ireland; and that at the time of her marriage with Sergeant Ellis, she was the widow of Henry Taylor, formerly a sergeant in the 37th Regiment, to whom she was married at Carmarthen, in 1845. That after her marriage with Taylor, his regiment being ordered to the island of Ceylon, she had accompanied him thither, and that they had there had three children, two of whom were still living and residing with her—namely, Harriet Louisa Taylor, about nine years old, and Charles Allsop Taylor, about seven years old. She could give no information whatsoever as to the birthplace of her first husband, or where any of his relations were to be found; and she was not aware of either of her deceased husbands having been settled in any particular place. She also said that her maiden name was Albina Griffiths, and that she was the daughter of John Griffiths and Elizabeth his wife, both of whom were dead; and that she was born in the town of Haverfordwest, where, to the best of her belief, her parents had resided all their lives. Upon making inquiries there, it was ascertained that this statement, so far as it related to herself, was correct. She was born in the parish of St Thomas, Haverfordwest, and her father, the said John Griffiths, was born in the parish of St Martin, in the same town.

If the overseers had succeeded in discovering Robert Ellis's place of settlement, it would have been their duty to have applied to the magistrates for an order for her removal thither, together with her two children; for that would have been her last place of settlement. Failing to discover that, they had next to inquire where her first husband, Henry Taylor, was settled; but upon both these points they were without any information; and it is possible that Mrs Ellis was not disposed to assist in the inquiry, even if she could have done so, preferring rather to be sent to the place of her own birth. The overseers of Bedminster were consequently obliged to fall back upon her maiden settlement; and the foregoing facts having been deposed to before the magistrates of Bristol, who had jurisdiction in the matter, an order was made—*ex parte*, as is the practice in these cases—for her removal with her two children to the parish of St Martin, Haverfordwest—the birthplace of her father. Then began a legal strife between Bedminster and Haverfordwest for the non-possession of this poor woman and her children, which lasted, with short intermissions, for upwards of two years.

Upon being served with the order to receive the

paupers, the overseers of St Martin's proceeded to scrutinise the grounds upon which it was made, and perhaps also, I may say, to exercise their ingenuity to evade it; and in this, be it observed, they simply discharged their duty to their own rate-payers; for it was not to be assumed, without investigation on their part, either that the facts or the legal conclusion therefrom, upon which the order rested, were well founded; and if they should appear to be otherwise, the law gave time to appeal against it. That John Griffiths was born in their parish, could not be disputed; but then Albina the pauper would derive no settlement from him unless she was his legitimate daughter. Had John Griffiths been lawfully married to her mother before her birth? This was the first point for inquiry.

It was ascertained that Albina's mother had been previously married to a sailor, named George Callaghan. This man had suddenly disappeared from Haverfordwest about two years before her marriage with Griffiths; and it was supposed that he had intentionally deserted his wife, and that he was still living at the time of that marriage, which took place on the 17th November 1820. The conduct of the parties certainly tended to confirm this suspicion. Her first marriage was solemnised in the parish in Haverfordwest, where she was then residing; but her marriage with Griffiths; although both of them were then living in the same town, took place at Steynton, a village about seven miles distant, and under her maiden name of Elizabeth Evans. A nice question might arise, under the requisitions of the Marriage Act then in force, as to whether there had been a due publication of the bans of this second marriage. Moreover, some of her relations who were still living remembered to have seen several letters written by Callaghan after he had quitted Haverfordwest, and they particularly spoke of one letter from him which 'Mrs Callaghan,' as they continued to call her, had received shortly after her marriage with Griffiths. He had heard of that marriage, and threatened to 'have the law against her' in consequence. All the information that could be obtained pointed to the conclusion that Callaghan had in fact survived his wife's marriage with Griffiths—but were the legal proofs forthcoming? It must be borne in mind that the law always presumes against the commission of crimes, and that therefore it would be for St Martin's to satisfy the court that the first husband was alive at the time of the second marriage, and not for Bedminster to prove that he was dead. The evidence fell short of what would be required for this purpose.

But if this objection to the order of removal failed, there might still be others of which the proof, notwithstanding the lapse of time, would be less difficult. Had the pauper's father himself derived a settlement from his parents in some other parish? or had he acquired a settlement in his own right elsewhere, which his daughter would follow? Here the inquiries of the overseers of St Martin's were attended with a better prospect of success. Persons were found who remembered John Griffiths in 1816 and 1817, when he was living as footman in the service of Lieutenant Edwards, a naval officer residing in Prendergast, a distinct parish in Haverfordwest. It appeared that he had lived with that gentleman there for more than a year; and as he was then unmarried and without children, this continuous service, from which a yearly hiring was to be presumed, would—according to the

law, as it then stood—gain for him a settlement in that parish.

Such were the facts brought to light; and with the evidence before them of this settlement superseding the one in their own parish, the overseers of St Martin's determined to appeal to the sessions. They did so, and the appeal was tried at Bristol on the 20th of October 1853. It resulted in the 'quashing' of the order for conveying the paupers to that parish, the court holding that the settlement 'by hiring and service' in Prendergast was proved. In gaining that, John Griffiths lost his birth-settlement in St Martin's.

It might be supposed that there would now be no longer any obstacle to the removal of Albina Ellis and her children to the place where it had been adjudged that her father had acquired a settlement, to which she, as his daughter, was entitled. But the rights and liabilities of distinct parishes with regard to the destitute poor, are not so easily determined. The decision of the Court of Quarter-sessions was binding only upon the parties to the suit. As between Bedminster and Prendergast, or any other parish except St Martin's, Haverfordwest, the question was still an open one.

As against Prendergast, however, it will be seen there was a clear *prima facie* case; for the same evidence of the settlement there might be given by the overseers of Bedminster, as had been held sufficient when adduced on behalf of their late opponents; and in the event of an appeal, the question would have to be tried before the same tribunal. But there was another question behind this settlement—the one which it had been unnecessary for St Martin's to raise, but which to Prendergast might be all-important—namely, the legitimacy of Albina. Although the overseers of Prendergast might be willing to admit John Griffiths's settlement to have been in their parish, it was not to be expected that they would leave unquestioned the legitimacy of the daughter, which would entitle her and her children also thereto, and which, to say the least, was extremely doubtful. Indeed, it would seem that the overseers of Bedminster, where Mrs Ellis continued to receive relief, had themselves grave misgivings on this point; for, notwithstanding their previous contention that she was the legitimate daughter of John Griffiths, and notwithstanding also the result of the late appeal, which was arrived at on that assumption, they now prepared to act as if the marriage of her parents was invalid. Proceeding, then, upon the ground that, being illegitimate—and the settlement of neither of her husbands being known—she would be deemed to be settled in the place of her birth, they obtained an order from the magistrates for conveying her, with her two children, to St Thomas's, Haverfordwest. But that parish, in its turn, refused to receive them, and immediately prepared for an appeal. It will be observed that, so far as related to the marriage, the tables had now been turned. The burden of shewing that it was invalid would now rest upon Bedminster; for while both St Martin's and Prendergast had an interest in questioning the validity of the marriage, the present appellants had an equal interest in asserting it; inasmuch as, if Mrs Ellis were legitimate, the present order might easily be avoided by proving either the birth-settlement of her father in the one parish, or his acquired settlement in the other. Courts of law can only take judicial cognizance of that which is proved in the particular case before them; and therefore such might have been the course of proceeding on the trial of this appeal, that the proof of that same settlement, which, on the late trial, the court had held to have been lost, would now have obliged it to 'quash' the order. But the parish of Bedminster formally withdrew from the suit, and the threatened removal of Mrs Ellis and her children was a second time averted.

The truce was of a short duration. Bedminster had retreated, but only for the purpose of a surer

advance upon Haverfordwest. Let Prendergast now prepare to receive its own. The case against this parish might be said to have already undergone a strict legal investigation. The order came. How could it now be met? First of all, for the reasons stated, there would be insuperable difficulties in impeaching the marriage of Albina's parents. What had become of Callaghan, where he had gone to, where he had died, or where he was to be found, if living, no one could tell. The question must therefore be dealt with as if the marriage was valid; and then, how could the removal to Prendergast be resisted? John Griffiths's settlement there was acquired when he was scarcely out of his teens. Was it his 'last' place of settlement? Where had he been living since? And where had he gone to reside after his marriage with Elizabeth Callaghan? And where was she living at that time? Was she merely a lodger in the house of another person, or was she occupying a separate dwelling-house? Unimportant as these inquiries appear at first sight, so peculiar is the law on this subject, they might very likely lead to a knowledge of facts that would relieve Prendergast from the obligation sought to be imposed upon it. They did, in fact, lead to the discovery of another settlement of the pauper Albina's parents. It appeared that, at the time of her second marriage, Mrs Griffiths was living in the parish of St Thomas, Haverfordwest. She was the tenant of a cottage there from year to year, and as she was then in the occupation of it in her own right for an unexpired term, her husband, upon his marriage, became possessed of an interest, or, as the law calls it, an estate, in that cottage. The acquisition of this estate would carry with it a settlement, if he should have afterwards resided upon it, or even elsewhere in the same parish, for forty days.

Here we are presented with one of those curious anomalies in the law which startle persons who are unacquainted with its rules, and cannot trace its reasons. The right conferred upon the husband, and, through him, upon the wife, under the circumstances here stated, is indeed not a little remarkable; for although the estate should be such that the woman, if unmarried, could not gain a settlement in respect of it, yet, if she marry, her husband will gain a settlement by residing for a certain time in the parish where it is situated, and the wife will derive that settlement from him; so that, by marrying, a woman may confer upon her husband that which she did not herself possess, and which, through him, becomes forthwith also her own!

Such had been the right accruing to Mr and Mrs Griffiths in the present instance, and which descended to their daughter. Of course, there was an end now to the settlement in Prendergast upon which Bedminster was relying, and which had done good service to St Martin's on the late trial. John Griffiths had resided with his wife in this very cottage for many years after their marriage. The facts and the conclusion of law therefrom were equally plain. The settlement which he had previously gained in Prendergast, and which had superseded the one in his birthplace, was itself superseded when he acquired this settlement in a different parish. Fortune, by the exercise of what may be called the correlative force of fact and law, continued to declare in favour of Haverfordwest. Nevertheless, in again withdrawing from the position they had taken up, it was, of course, open to the officers of Bedminster to use this last settlement as ground for shifting the obnoxious burden to St Thomas's.

The progress of the case thus far will have sufficed to shew the reader how nice and difficult may be the questions arising upon the issue, whether a pauper belongs to this or that parish. Not only have all the facts relating to age, birth, pedigree, marriage, occupation, residence, time, &c., to be carefully collated

and examined with regard to their separate effect as well as mutual relation, but it generally happens in disputes of this kind between different parishes, that the facts upon which the conclusion of law has to be founded have to be gathered up after the lapse of many years, during which the necessary witnesses may have died, or the documentary proofs been destroyed. Haverfordwest was fortunate a second time in obtaining such evidence. The settlements in Frenedergast and St Thomas's both depended upon circumstances which occurred nearly half a century before.

And now it again became a question between Bedminster and its former opponent, St Thomas's. The circumstances were altered. It would be of no consequence now to inquire whether Albina was legitimate or illegitimate—because if the latter, she would belong to St Thomas's, her birthplace; if the former, she would follow her father's settlement, which was in the same parish. Nothing further could be ascertained pointing to the probability of John Griffiths having afterwards gained another settlement in some other place before his daughter's marriage to her first husband in 1845.* There could be no defence, then, on the part of St Thomas's, unless the settlement of either of the husbands could be discovered. Upon this contingency depended the only chance of this parish being able to evade the order. The overseers of Bedminster had been trying for this long time past to learn from what part of the kingdom these men had come, but without success. St Thomas's could scarcely hope to be more fortunate in this respect. It really seemed as if one place in Haverfordwest had at last been found to which the paupers must be sent, and this *questio vexata* set at rest for ever. And he it remarked, that if the order for their removal were not appealed against, no *after-discovery* of a settlement in some other parish that would have prevailed against it would entitle St Thomas's to send them away to such other parish—a rule that may be operative of permanent injustice in cases where facts are afterwards brought to light, which, from no negligence or default of the parish acquiescing in the order, cannot be presently ascertained. But such is the law.

The time for deliberation was fast expiring. Mrs Ellis's statements on all subjects relating to her husbands were so confused and contradictory, that it had been found impossible to make anything of them. Letters had been written to the Secretary of War, and to the commanding officers at the dépôts of the 37th and 94th Regiments, but the answers had yielded nothing that would assist the inquiry. As to Robert Ellis, his name did not even appear upon the rolls of the 94th Regiment; and as to Henry Taylor, there had been a sergeant of that name in the 37th Regiment, but he had died at Colombo, in Ceylon, in 1854. The case seemed a hopeless one for St Thomas's.

At the last moment, a fact was ascertained, in itself of no bearing upon the question, but which ultimately led to the discovery of what had been so long wanting in this remarkable case. Upon being further questioned as to her first husband's family, Mrs Ellis stated that he had a brother, about six years younger than himself, who was also a soldier in the same regiment. What was his name? His name was *Reuben*, and he also had died in Ceylon. Here, then, was a clue. If a family of the name of Taylor could anywhere be found in which there had been two brothers named Henry and Reuben, both of whom had enlisted as soldiers, there would be little difficulty in tracing the place of their birth, and then the only link wanting to complete the chain of proof would be their identity with the husband and brother-in-law of the pauper Albina. Where had these men, or either

of them, enlisted? If this could be ascertained with any degree of certainty, and it should appear that they had both enlisted at the same place, as well as into the same regiment, the place of their birth would probably be not far off. Again the authorities at the Horse Guards were applied to, and this time with better success. A man named Reuben Taylor had enlisted into the 37th Regiment at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, in 1850. To Banbury, the town of cakes, the journey from Haverfordwest was a long one, but it was worth taking to accomplish the object in view. Supposing Reuben to have been about twenty years old when he enlisted, the parish register of his baptism might be looked for in Banbury and the neighbouring villages under the year 1830. Many a parish register was searched before the persevering patience of the person to whom this duty was intrusted was rewarded. In the little village of Horley, in Oxfordshire, about seven miles from Banbury, there lived an old man, named Richard Taylor, and his wife Ann Taylor; and in the church hard by were the records of the baptism of their nine children, all of whom were born in Horley, and two of whom were named 'Henry' and 'Reuben.' What had become of them?

'Ah, sir!' said the old man, 'it's many a day since I hear tell of my two brave boys. Henry went as a soldier first; and when Reuben was old enough, he went after his brother. The poor boy listed into the same regiment before he was eighteen years old.'

'And, pray, what was the number of the regiment, Mr Taylor?'

'Why, the 37th to be sure, sir; and Henry, he rose to be sergeant.'

'And where was the regiment stationed when Reuben enlisted?' asked the stranger, around whom the younger branches of the third generation of the family were now crowding.

'Indeed, sir, and that I can't say; but it was at some place in what they call the East Indies; and both my sons died there—Henry first, and then Reuben.'

'Wait afore you say as you don't know, Richard,' interrupted the goodwife. 'Why not shew the gentleman the letters as we got from Henry while he was there?'

The letters were produced, and with them also a handsome Malacca cane—a cherished token of affection in that humble home, for it had been a dying gift from Henry to his father, intrusted to the hands of Sergeant Osborne of the 15th Regiment, and which the kind sergeant, faithful to his promise, had made a journey into Oxfordshire expressly to deliver. Most of the letters were dated from Colombo. They spoke of the writer's children—of the boy who had died—of his daughter Harriet—and of the arrival at Colombo of his brother Reuben. One of them concluded with the words, 'From your affectionate children, H. and A. Taylor.' But it was observed that Mr and Mrs Taylor had both forgotten the maiden name of their son's wife. The proofs of the identity, however, would have satisfied the most incredulous.

The reader who has patiently traced with me the multifarious windings of this dispute to the point it had now reached, may not unnaturally suppose that even now the final materials for 'settling' the paupers had not been found. But it happened otherwise. Bedminster had a strong case against St Thomas's; but it had thus become in the power of St Thomas's to shew that it had a stronger one against Horley. The question between them was tried out upon appeal at Bristol, on the 5th of July 1860. A venerable old man, who had come all the way from Oxfordshire, was called as a witness by the appellants, and had the pleasure of hearing it solemnly argued, *pro* and *con*, whether a respectable-looking woman and two children, who had just made his acquaintance, were his daughter-in-law and grandchildren. He had already acknowledged those children as the veritable son and

* She thereby became what the law calls *emancipated*, and would not follow any settlement her father might afterwards acquire.

daughter of his own son Henry; and the judicial answer did not disappoint him. The legal consequence of this finding has been explained.

Horley parish raised no obstacle, and so it came to pass at last that there the paupers were 'settled.'

SUNRISE ON THE MOON.

It is well known that some new and remarkable facts connected with the physical constitution of the moon have been revealed by the telescope within the last few years; the lunar surface has been measured and mapped by several observers, and its features laid down with as much exactness as if the subject of delineation was some mountainous region of our own planet. The moon's surface presents a wondrous scene of lofty isolated heights, craters of enormous volcanoes, ramparts, and broad plains that look like the beds of former seas, and present a remarkable contrast to the rugged character of the rest of the surface. That what we look upon are really mountains and mountainous ranges is sufficiently evident from the fact, that the shadows they cast have the exact proportion, as to length, which they ought to have from the inclination of the sun's rays to their position on the moon's surface.

The convex outline of the moon, as turned towards the sun, is always circular, and nearly smooth; but the opposite border of the enlightened part, instead of being an exact and sharply defined ellipse, is always observed to be extremely rugged, and indented with deep recesses and prominent points. The mountains near the border cast long black shadows, as they should evidently do, inasmuch as the sun is rising or setting to those parts of the moon. But as the enlightened edge gradually advances beyond them, or, in other words, as the sun to them gains altitude, their shadows shorten; and at the full moon, when all the light falls in our line of sight, no shadows are seen. By micrometrical measurement of the length of the shadows, the heights of the more conspicuous mountains can be calculated. Before the year 1850, the heights of no fewer than one thousand and ninety-five lunar mountains had been computed, and amongst them occur all degrees of altitude up to nearly twenty-three thousand feet—a height exceeding, by more than a thousand feet, that of Chimborazo in the Andes. It is a remarkable circumstance that the range of lunar Apennines, as they have been called, present a long slope on one side, and precipices on the other, as in the Himalaya Mountains. During the increase of the moon, its mountains appear as small points or islands of light beyond the extreme edge of the enlightened part, those points being the summits illuminated by the sunbeams before the intermediate plain; but gradually, as the light advances, they connect themselves with it, and appear as prominences detached from the dark border.*

The moon, unlike the earth, has many isolated mountains, that is to say, mountains not connected with a group or chain—the mountain named Tycho, which has the appearance of a sugar-loaf, is an example of this. The uniformity of aspect which the lunar mountains for the most part present is a singular and striking feature. They are wonderfully numerous, especially towards the southern portion of the disc, occupying quite the larger part of the moon's surface, and are, as Sir John Herschel remarks, almost universally of an exactly circular or cup-shaped form, shortened, however, into ellipses towards the limb. The larger of these elevations have for the most part flat plains within, from which a small steep conical hill rises centrally. They offer, indeed, the very type of the true volcanic character, as it may be seen in the crater of Vesuvius, and in a map of the volcanic

districts of the Campi Phlegrei or the Puy de Dôme, but with the remarkable peculiarity, that the bottom of the crater is, in many instances, very deeply depressed below the general surface of the moon, the internal depth being often twice or three times the external height. It has been computed that profound cavities, regarded as craters, occupy two-fifths of the surface of the moon. One of the most remarkable of these formations is fifty-five miles in diameter; and to give some idea of its magnitude, the late Professor Nichol used to say that, could a visitor approach it, he would see rising before him a wall of rock twelve hundred feet high, like the precipices of Schiathallion in Perthshire; and on mounting this height, would look down a declivity or slope of thirteen thousand feet, to a ledge or terrace, and below this would see a lower deep of four thousand feet more: a cavity exceeding, therefore, the height of Mont Blanc, and large enough to hold that mountain besides Chimborazo and Teneriffe. Again, the lunar crater, called Saussure, is ten thousand feet in depth. These astounding calculations are founded on the observation of the sun's light falling on the edge, and illuminating the side of these gigantic depths. The Dead Sea, the greatest known depression on the earth, is thirteen hundred and forty feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

Strie or lines of light, which appear like ridges, radiate from many of these enormous craters, and might be taken for lava-currents, streaming outwards as they do in all directions, like rays. The ridges that stream from the mountain called Tycho seem to be formed of matter that has greater power of reflecting light than the rock around it; the crater named Copernicus is equally distinguished by these rays. The ridges, in some instances, cross like a wall both valleys and elevations, and traverse the plains as well as the rocky slopes of the lunar mountains; from which fact, and from the great distances they extend, it would seem that they are not such lava-streams as have flowed, for example, from Etna. It has been supposed that a force acting, as it were, centrifugally or explosively, and therefore differently from the force to which we attribute the upheaval of mountain-chains upon the earth, has formed the lunar craters, and overspread the adjacent surface with the ridges or rays in question.

In Professor Phillips's recent contributions to a Report on the Physical Aspect of the Moon, he notices another class of phenomena—certain remarkable rills in the mountains mapped as Aristarchus, Archimedes, and Plato. The last exhibits a large crater; and a bold rock which juts into the interior has been seen during the morning illumination to glow in the sunshine like molten silver, casting a well-defined shadow eastward. The object known as the Stag's-horn Rill, east of the mountain Thebit, appears to be what geologists call a fault or dyke, one side being elevated above the other. Professor Phillips mentions a group of parallel rills about Campanus and Hippalus, and he traces a rill across and through the old crater of the latter mountain. All the rills appear to be rifts or deep fissures resembling crevasses of a glacier; they cast strong shadows from oblique light, and even acquire brightness on one edge of the cavity. Their breadth appears to be only a few hundred feet or yards. The mountain Gassendi is remarkable for rough terraces and ridges within the rings which form the crater. In the interior area there are central elevations of rocky character, which are brought into view by the gradual change in the direction of the incident solar rays as the lunar day advances. In Lord Rosse's magnificent reflecting telescope, the flat bottom of the crater, called Albategnius, is seen to be strewed with blocks not visible in inferior telescopes; while the exterior of another volcanic mountain (Aristillus) is scored all over with deep gullies radiating towards its centre.

* Herschel's *Outlines of Astronomy*, p. 758 (ed. 1830).

The phenomena to which we have now briefly adverted are regarded as decisive marks of volcanic force, and the apparent absolute repose of the moon's surface at the present time, affords a remarkable contrast to the violent action of which it must have been the scene in bygone times.

The reader need not be reminded that our knowledge is limited to one hemisphere or face of the moon, in consequence of the period of its rotation upon its axis corresponding with the period of its revolution round the earth.

OUR HOME CORRESPONDENT:

THE STEPS HE TOOK TO SEE THE ROYAL PROCESSION.

HAVING received my credentials from the proprietors of this *Journal*, as Home Correspondent, with particular instructions as to the Royal Procession, I set myself to consider, as soon as the flutter of self-congratulation had somewhat subsided, how this first great task should be most fitly executed. I put aside the idea, suggested to me by an acquaintance connected with the newspaper press, of evolving a royal procession from the depths of my moral consciousness, and made up my mind to see it—either with the naked eye, or through the medium of those 'Binocular Field-glasses, worn round the neck' (!) without which, their inventor informed me, per advertisement, that the procession could not be seen. But in what prominent position (being thus decorated) should I place myself, so that not only might I see the coming princess, but that the gratification might (in some degree) be reciprocal? This was the great question.

Money, of course, being no object, should I take an unfurnished house in the city, entirely to myself, at a rent, for the afternoon, which it probably never before fetched *per annum*? I ran my eye down the columns of the Supplement of the *Times*, and perceived therein no less than seven such opportunities only waiting my acceptance and cheques for from thirty to two hundred pounds. 'The best position in all London' was offered me in fifty places; near Fishmongers' Hall, upon the Monument, 'just out of Cheapside,' on Ludgate Hill, at Temple Bar, 'at the corner of Bleak Street' (wherever that is), in Fimlico, at Paddington, and at Windsor. 'Covered seats, obtaining a long and uninterrupted view,' were to be obtained everywhere, even at the most unexpected places, such as Western Road, Brighton, and High St., Tunbridge Wells. Nothing particular could be said upon the advantages possessed by the last two localities, for even the Binoculars only professed to command an area of ten miles; but advertisers who had seats in the City delicately hinted that if you remained in the West End, you might just as well go to bed; while advertisers in the West End retorted that you might go to the City, indeed, between the hours of four and seven A.M., but would never return alive on the same evening.

'By the way, we must observe,' remarked Ludgate Hill, 'that as the Princess Alexandra will not reach Bricklayers' Arms Station till about three o'clock in the afternoon, the procession cannot reach the West End till dusk.' The Borough suggested that 'a good daylight view' was preferable. In vain did Farringdon Street—made (somehow) 'doubly desirable, in consequence of the recent amicable arrangements between the government and the civic authorities'—proffer words of peace. Fleet Street sternly remarked: 'The Civic Procession leaves at Temple Bar,' in an Emersonian sentence, all to itself—just as though the entire nation were panting once more to behold that sword-bearer sitting sideways, and preventing the Lord Mayor from looking out of window.

Upon the other hand, the attempts on the part of the Strand to make capital out of the Duke of Buccleuch, as an attractive spectacle, were equally

strenuous; while an enthusiast, with half a window to let in a second floor in Pall Mall, endeavoured to excite some public curiosity regarding the members for Westminster.

I was embarrassed by the multitude of favourable opportunities. Should I take twenty-five pounds of window in St James's Street, with 'the use of a bagatelle-table'? Or the two rooms in the Edgeware Road (one of which was a back apartment, looking into a mews), at fifteen guineas, 'with fires and attendance'? Or the suite of apartments 'opposite the Marble Arch' for twenty guineas, from which sum, 'if two ladies of position, whose cards would be given, were permitted to share a window, four guineas would be struck off?' The addition of these eligible females struck me as very desirable; so much so, indeed, that I wonder four guineas *more*, instead of less, were not demanded as the price of their attendance. It was surely an excellent opportunity for wealthy but unaristocratic persons to obtain an introduction to society. If, on the other hand, the ladies were proud and haughty, one could obstruct their view, or even insist upon pulling the blinds down, which we should have a perfect right to do.

Should I take a room 'exclusively for a family,' but 'capable of accommodating five-and-twenty persons,' which is certainly a pretty large domestic circle; or should I hire those 'thousand seats in one lot, in six rows, one above another,' and either occupy that entire space myself, or invite a few personal friends to share it? Or should I purchase 'timber, die square, planks, deals, &c., on very low terms,' at that 'old-established timber-yard' in Southwark, and set up a scaffolding of my own, on that 'eligible piece of waste land near the Bricklayers' Arms'? If so, what should I do with the die square?

Those justly famous 'large and comfortable widows' to be hired at Charing Cross, I gave up with a sigh, for the duties of a Home Correspondent would be inconsistent, I was well aware, with such social temptations. Nor was the above the only misprint in the advertisements of the procession, unless the drawing-room balcony in Connaught Terrace was really 'capable of accommodating twenty thousand volunteers,' and afforded 'an excellent view of upwards of forty persons.' All these things were to be got for money; but what if I could go to my bootmaker's, or my tailor's, or my tooth-extractor's, upon the line of route, and simply request a seat upon the ground of being an excellent customer! Alas, my bootmaker, my tailor, my toothdrawer, had each put forth his advertisement that he 'had now placed all his windows at the service of his patrons, and could positively accommodate no others.' He was obliged, with regret, to publish this statement, 'in order to prevent disappointment.' I wonder whether the patrons were admitted under a guinea a head! I wonder whether my bootmaker (for instance) had an eye (while the other winked) solely directed to puffing his own wares!

Beside these establishments, the only place which was absolutely closed to me was one in 'the escort of the ladies of Great Britain,' from which I was unfortunately precluded by my sex male. But I wonder who made 'the Loyal Suggestion, that the lady-equestrians of England should form an escort to Her Royal Highness the Princess through the streets of London,' for which the fashionable tailor was 'prepared to furnish an equestrian uniform on the auspicious occasion?' Until I beheld his advertisement, I had positively never heard of such a proposal having been made at all!

The advertisement which would have obtained my choice, in my private capacity, would undoubtedly have been that since celebrated one emanating from the churchwardens of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, offering the use of a church and the benefit of clergy, with 'a series of pieces on the organ,' as well as a covered seat in the churchyard adjacent, to behold

our future queen. But a Home Correspondent must restrain his devotional impulses, lest he gets locked up (for example) for two whole hours, contrary to his will, and forbidden to open his mouth, while the subsequent scramble, when the order of release at last arrives, resembles the contents of the Ark endeavouring to escape, as one bear, through a small square aperture. I was still hankering, however, after a seat in St Martin's-in-the-Fields, when Sergeant (of another Temple), a college-friend of mine, of an eminently practical turn of mind, wrote to ask me to lunch with him on the 7th, and after that, to witness the all-engrossing spectacle. He lodged in a street off Piccadilly, which we will call Charges Street (though his invitation was, of course, a friendly one, not to be paid for), and his windows, as I understood, would command an excellent side-view. The attraction, however, set forth in his note was a private billiard-table, upon which himself and friends were to play pool until the time arrived for night-seeing.

'You remember,' said his postscript, 'those billiard-rooms in the Strand, which we hired on the day of the last great public procession, and got our amusement and our spectacle in one; the proprietors have acquired wisdom since that time, and are charging five-and-thirty guineas for the windows alone.'

That postscript, reminding me, as it did, of a very pleasant far-back day, decided me upon closing with my friend's offer, and giving up, though regretfully, that series of pieces on the organ. There had also been not one syllable breathed by the churchwardens of St Martin in respect to luncheon, and my system requires luncheon almost (or quite) as much as my soul thirsts after impressive harmony.

On the morning of the 7th I started from Portman Square (in one of the very best houses of which locality I reside), with a wedding-favour on my breast, advertised by the vendor as 'handsome, yet chaste,' and which was composed of about half-a-dozen artificial flowers, 'to each of which (he said) was imparted the delicious perfume allotted to it by nature.' I had a slight cold in my head, however, and to that circumstance I may no doubt attribute the fact that I could distinguish none of those odours. The pool in Charges Street was not to begin till twelve o'clock (though, had an earlier hour been appointed, my duties as Home Correspondent would have prevented my attendance), and in the meantime there was much opportunity for observation. I had intended, in the first instance, to turn eastward, but was driven in the precisely opposite direction by an entire regiment of Volunteers, assisted by its mounted staff. This formidable body, bound for the Park, were marching southward down Baker Street, with their colonel at their head, on horseback; and his unaccustomed steed was so dismayed—either by the number of spectators congregated in the square, or by a German band, with Danish colours, which were playing, *Haste to the Wedding*, in opposition to the *Nancy Dawson* of the regimental performers—that it fled down Berkeley Street, despite all the efforts of its rider, and the application of a steel scabbard. The obedient troops followed their leader, and thereupon ensued a scene unparalleled in the annals of military experience. The populace, who knew he was going wrong, threw themselves between the colonel and his men, and by ejaculations, gestures, and the waving of cotton umbrellas, compelled them to pause in their misdirected course. 'Back, back!' 'The Park!' 'Where are you a-shovin' to!' 'Never mind 'Im; Ee's run away with, Ee is'—were a few of the emphatic sentences which were addressed, with appropriate action, to the 92d Royal Diddlesex. Their eloquence prevailed; the course of the Volunteers was violently changed, as also that of the Home Correspondent, who, amid a tide of persons of very various callings (including the Portman Square crossing-sweeper, who tossed his

broom in passionate appeal to gods and men and Volunteers, in vain), was hurried westward, and only suffered to enjoy the full use of his own legs upon reaching the Edgeware Road.

Finding myself deposited in that thoroughfare by such exceptional and unprecedented means, I deemed it only proper to explore the neighbourhood, and not fight against Fate by endeavouring to retrace my steps. Sombre as the streets hereabouts usually are, they were now gay with extemporised decoration—inexpensive splendour. Banners (of calico) were flying, joy (hand) bells pealing, organs (with a monkey on them) discoursing soul-thrilling music. Upon all faces, too, sat a genuine good feeling, a Welcome not to be purchased by certain monarchs still upon their thrones at the price of half their kingdoms. I have never seen so many smiling lips, or so few frowns, on any London morning. I knew not where the omnibusfuls (if I may be allowed to introduce that graceful word into the English language) of crusty, stupid, egotistic people, who are to be seen daily hurrying citywards, had hid themselves upon the 7th of March at 9 A.M.; but they were certainly absent from the streets, and their places occupied by quite a different company. All tongues were talking about Her—God bless her! Where was she now? they wondered, and when would her sweet face shine upon them there? It was all wonder, for nobody knew anything for certain, except the platform proprietors, some of whom appeared to be in receipt of momentary telegraphs regarding her royal movements. 'Come early,' 'Take your seats, ladies and gents,' 'She'll be here at two,' 'She'll be here at twelve,' 'She'll be here before you're comfortably seated, now,' 'Come early, please come early, do!' The bells clashing from the Paddington steeples, echoed, 'Please come early, please come early, do.'

And the public did come early. It came at nine, and it had come at eight, and at seven, and at six. It had come overnight, as I honestly believe, and slept in its numbered seats under the waterproof coverings. It had come with books in its hand to beguile the time, and with sandwiches in its pocket to repair the destruction of tissue, and with brandy-flasks to keep up its spirits at their unprecedented pitch. It had come at two guineas a head, and it had come at sixpence (on a plank gallantly sustained by two washing-tubs, up to the very moment of the arrival of the procession, when it suddenly broke down), and it was going to have its money's worth out, and it wasn't going away. Talk of Patience on a monument—there was a whole cagedful of people on the Monument of London that festal morning who smiled at every grief that passed, and at some that did not pass, but remained behind, such as lumbago, and before, such as cold in the head, for days and weeks to come. Patience! let no man prate of that fictitious personage to me, who saw her very embodiment, fat and fiery-faced, and forty, sitting with all the persistence of a domestic fowl, in Oxford and Cambridge Terrace, next to its triumphal arch, and ever and anon tapping the same with the handle of her gingham umbrella, from morn to dewy eve. I saw her at nine A.M., and I saw her at six P.M. still tapping, like a woodpecker, as though to ascertain whether that elegant artificial structure could possibly be wood, and not the pure white marble that it seemed.

Individual instances of this virtue are often ludicrous, but the aggregate Patience of a great People is a spectacle sublime. The footways of a city paved with eager faces; the voices hushed, but the eyes speaking; its balconies overflowing; its roofs alive with watching, waiting thousands—this is a stirring sight, my friends, to all of us who are not philosophers or fools. If, just at the moment when the long procession has passed before

yon, save that one last carriage, at whose approach all heads are bared in a second, and the air is thick with cheers—when the sound of a mighty people's acclaim bursts suddenly forth, I say, if there is a lump in your throat which forbids you to join in the same, and a tear in your eyes, when you do find voice to join, you need not be ashamed. Very many honourable men will experience those same emotions, although they will probably conceal the fact if you ask them the question. We may ignore the awful Sympathy that exists between every one of us and his fellows, but, thank God, we cannot prevent it.

His pocket-handkerchief having been abstracted while he was setting down the above reflections in the rough, the Home Correspondent wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his coat, and turned his steps towards Pall Mall. The decorations on the road hither were more expensive (but not more prodigal), and the crowds better dressed, with the exception of the police, who, here as there, clothed in their little brief authority, stretched it to its utmost limits. They made many an angel weep, who, flounced and furbelowed, wished to penetrate, as usual, in the precise direction which she was forbidden to pursue, with their stern 'You can't pass here, ma'am: all carriages is to keep to the left.' The steps of the Guards' Monument in Waterloo Place were crowded with living figures, not less steadfast than those upon its summit; they had taken up that position before eight—the hour at which the Lords of the Admiralty were embarking at Woolwich to meet the princess at Gravesend—and stood there with eyes fixed steadfastly to eastward, lest they should lose the first signal of Her coming. The Marionettes (in bridal white, in honour of the occasion), who had pitched their theatre in that open space devoted to such frivolities, immediately beneath the cold shade of the *Athenaeum*, could scarce provoke a smile from them. Not so, however, with the people who had not yet obtained a vantage-ground, but who journeyed on in search of one, or waited near the eligible positions in case a vacancy should arise through hunger or disease. 'I shall faint,' observed one stout spectator to his friend, 'if this crush goes on.'

'I wish you would, and then I shall get a step,' replied a lively neighbour; whereat there was a roar of laughter.

Encouraged by this applause, the friend himself remarked: 'If you faint, Jack, I shall double you up, and stand upon you; or let you out at half-a-crown a foot as a bench—and a good deal of money I should clear from a man of your inches.'

Considering what people did pay for as standing-ground—the tables, the chairs, the rickety three-legged stools (but tall, and therefore at a premium)—there was really nothing to surprise one in such a stroke of business. In the plate-glass windows of the shops were exposed such wares as reminded one of an eastern slave-market. The ordinary goods had been removed, and their places occupied by gorgeous females in tiers (and smiles), each numbered from 1 to 70, or even higher: this indicated neither their age nor their price, of course, but only their position in the shop-front; but the passers-by would have it otherwise, and held a mock-auction over their charms, wherewith, though I protest I did not bid, I could not help being vastly amused. The helplessness of the 'lots' in question should have aroused my pity, I know; but their indignation, particularly when a doubt was expressed as to whether their age was not higher than their number, would have drawn smiles from Draco.

Who built the forms—the wooden forms, I mean—for all these females? Who framed the scaffolds? Who fronted every street with wood in sixty hours? Who, think you, were those men in paper-caps who worked outside every house, by day and night, from Bricklayers' Arms to Paddington? There are not forty

thousand carpenters in London, I suppose, nor anything like it. Who therefore were those men, labouring at a guinea an hour, with as much beer as they could drink? Some of them were unskilled mechanics—*saxons* with a turn for planing; others were literary men. I recognised several brethren of the pen myself, sitting on the wrong side of window-sills, and 'cutting out chips,' not with the scissors, but the chisel. The entertainments that have since been given in their chambers have been of a much more luxurious character than before. Not a few Irish members of parliament took the opportunity of embracing the profession of their youth, and with a short dudheen in their mouth, tripped up their ladder to the second floors as though it were to Place and Pension. One or two honest Scotch members, too, deploring the universal extravagance, yet (it is said) managed to turn it into a deserving channel by getting their materials from home, by sea (hammers and nails being here at a fabulous premium), and doing a fair day's work for a very fair day's wage. Certain young barristers of my acquaintance have become quite solvent since these royal festivities, having applied their really good natural abilities to gas-piping. They had never had any opportunity of illuminating the courts of Chancery, and they were panting to do it, but the Vice-chancellor said: 'No; if a strong light was thrown *there*, the place would be ruined.'

But these are grave questions of supply and demand with which I have nothing to do. Let me make my way, slowly but surely, not by force, but with that winning manner which is the characteristic of this Home Correspondent, into Charges Street and luncheon. It distressed me to observe that my practical friend Sergeant lived at the northern extremity of this fashionable spot, whence the view of the procession must necessarily be extremely limited; but he assured me that he had taken steps for our beholding it when the time arrived. In the meanwhile, each guest that joined us had something new to tell of the preparations or the multitude. One had come from the City, where he had seen a brass band saved from destruction by the chivalry of some ladies in a balcony, who had made a rope of their laced handkerchiefs, and drawn up bugle and trombone out of the crush; he told of the anguish of the proprietor of the big drum (which the mob wanted to stand upon), and how the same saving hands had made a sort of fire-escape of shawls, and hauled up the monstrous thing amid the cheers of the fickle multitude; and how, after a little, mothers with infants began to importune these Sisters of Charity to take their babes into safe-keeping, so that when he left, the house had already become an Emporium for all things perishable.

The luncheon was excellent, and the pool not less profitable than usual to the Home Correspondent, but a sense of delay in the performance of his duties embittered even these delights. At last, at half-past three o'clock, when the party had dispersed to their clubs and their balconies in divers places, and I was left alone with my practical friend (who was calmly smoking a cigar, as though the Princess was not to pass till to-morrow), I could bear the inaction no longer.

'Come, Sergeant,' said I for the second time, 'what steps are we going to take to see this procession?'

'We are going to take the steps by which our Mary reaches the chandelier,' returned he; 'they are eight feet high, and if they will only bear us, we shall see as well as the best of them.'

With these words, he led the way to the pantry, where the article in question was reclining against an upper shelf. It was certainly tall—too tall for stability, I thought—and it had that peculiar weight which is called top-heaviness. But it was too late

then to take any other steps. My practical friend seized hold of the lighter end, and I of the heavier, and we sallied out into Charges Street, like a couple of splendidly attired acrobats, about to give an open-air entertainment.

'A penny more, and up goes the donkey,' cried the crowd, as with one voice; but the impassive Sergeant (who is slightly bald, and solid as to frame and feature) never moved a muscle, either in acknowledgment or dissent, save just so much as was required to keep his glass in his eye.

'A glorious sight!' observed he—as though quite unencumbered with any impediment, and at liberty to enjoy the Beautiful, spelled with its biggest B—'what a sea of faces, what a mass of colour! How strange it seems, while flags are flying everywhere, even from the Victoria Tower, to see Buckingham Palace without its standard.'

'Now, then,' remarked a policeman, walking up to us in that stealthy manner which always means mischief to the civilian; 'you mustn't let out them steps.'

'Gracious goodness!' cried the Home Correspondent, jealous for his social position, 'we had not the remotest idea of doing such a thing, my good man.'

'I am sorry to say, gentlemen,' replied the official in a gentler key, 'that my orders is against having them even put up.'

'Very good,' remarked Sergeant, laying 'them down in the gutter; 'we were only coming out with them to clean some windows in Piccadilly. If you can get these people away, we'll set about the job at once; if not, we may stop where we are, I suppose.'

The crowd applauded, the policeman smiled, and we were left for a time the masters of the situation. A perambulator, with two juvenile insides, who had been brought by their considerate nurse to see the procession (to which she had turned their backs, however, while she carried on a whispered conversation with a footman in canary), was the only other obstacle beside our steps which was permitted in the street, within fifty yards of the line of route. We were congratulating ourselves on this monopoly, when down came the policeman again, like a Yankee frigate, who, having once overhauled a little Britisher, and examined her papers, still hankers after an informality, and bids her bring to again.

'Look here, gents; you mustn't stay here with them ere steps; you mustn't indeed. There's a lady here, at the corner-house, who says you must move on. I've just put her carriage back half a mile, according to orders, as a hobstruction, and what she says is this, says she: "I pays rent and taxes, and yet my coachman mayn't sit at my door; then why is that there perambulator and them steps allowed? Move 'em away, policeman; take 'em to the Green Yard"—which is very ridicklus of her, of course; but what am I to do?'

'Take the perambulator to the Green Yard,' said Sergeant, 'and then come back for the steps.'

The policeman was a well-meaning man enough, and understood his duty. Instead, therefore, of prolonging the discussion, he darted after a ragged man with a bench, who was intruding himself into our neighbourhood, with the sordid intention of making a little money. Almost at the same moment a general irruption of persons in a similar profession took place; they sprang up without warning from the earth, as it seemed, armed with the implements of their dreadful trade. Their leader and forerunner was sacrificed to justice, and his bench confiscated and shattered, but the arm of the Law was powerless with his legion of followers. In half a minute, their rickety forms and tables were covered with spectators at 2s. a head, whose vested interests were not to be disturbed with impunity. One energetic lady, a little disguised in liquor, set down a rush-bottomed chair immediately beside us, and disposed of the loan of it to two stout gentlemen at half-a-crown a piece. Both springing

up at once to enjoy this post of vantage, their combined weight and momentum proved too much for the material that should have sustained them, and through the rushes they both broke, and stuck in the framework. If it had not been for the look of the thing, they might now just as well have been standing on their own feet, for they were no higher; while their involuntary confinement gave an opportunity for exaction to the proprietress of the misused furniture, who assessed the damages (and got them) at five shillings. These chairs and tables had doubtless done duty at the mouth of many another street that day, and the appearance of their owners proved, as now, the sure precursor of the procession. But a few minutes more, and the cuirasses of the Life-guards were flashing by us, and then 'the hushed amaze of hand and eye,' was succeeded by one long rapturous cheer. It never sank, it never failed while that fair young face could be seen, so eager to please, so anxious, as it seemed, to let every heart be aware that she was conscious of its loyal homage.

May I add, that for one fleeting instant—but which will endure in my glad memory for ever—that right royal glance lit, wonder-struck, upon Sergeant and myself on our strange eminence; She smiled—ah! let me think it was for me alone—as only she *can* smile, upon this Home Correspondent and his enthusiasm; she approved—I am confident that sweet Princess approved—of us, and of the Steps we took to see her pageant pass.

COOKERY.

THERE is one bond of union that never fails, one touch of nature that really does make the round world kin—the kitchen fire. We all cook our food; all, at least, except a very few islanders of the Polynesian Archipelago, who live on bread-fruit, nuts, and berries, and a still smaller number of Australian Mayals, whose staple is raw shell-fish. For even the greatest savages resemble worthy Triptolemus Yellowley in this wise, that their victuals must 'thole' fire and water. The Iroquois of the eighteenth century were certainly proud of eating raw meat, but this was a perverted taste, indulged in at intervals, out of laziness or bravado.

Given, then, that man is a cooking animal, it is neither useless nor uninteresting to consider the various means by which he has contrived, in all climates and countries, to render his fare at once more palatable and more wholesome than in its crude condition. The earliest race of which we have any knowledge, the race of which the most ancient and sacred of histories gives us information, is the great Aramaic branch of the human family. What the Arab is to-day, he was in Job's time: he alters as little as the grand features of a mountainous district alter within man's memory. The cookery of a nomad nation is of necessity rude. Where everything must be carried from place to place, portability gets to be more regarded than a high standard of excellence. Accordingly, we find Arab cookery carried on almost wholly on camel-back, and on the march. Perched on the high camel-saddles, the women shake the light churn of goat's hide till the milk coagulates into curdy butter; they mix flour with water, and knead up a paste, which is moulded into thin cakes. These cakes, with the aid of a chafing-dish of burning charcoal and a flat iron plate like the old Scottish girdle, are baked into bread, which is eaten, hot and fresh, with the improvised butter and a handful of dates, by the tawny-complexioned men trudging painfully beside the line of

laden beasts. That is enough sustenance for the everyday life of the frugal Bedouin. On high holidays, when a feast is called for, a hole is dug in the ground; it is filled with charcoal and large stones, and fire is kindled till the stones are red-hot. Then a whole sheep, stuffed with pistachio-nuts, rice, raisins, or nothing, is thrust in, with its woolly skin intact, and baked until it is fit for the palates of its uncritical proprietors.

Uncivilised people, destitute of those utensils in metal and clay which are so familiar to us as to appear commonplace, are put to strange shifts when they would dine on roast-meat. The Arab oven of stones is perfectly well known to the Hottentots and Caffres of South Africa, to the New Zealander, the Typee cannibal, and the natives of Madagascar. But most untamed races resort to a sharpened wooden spit, and a broil before a fire, and the savage hunters of Central America simply enclose a Honduras turkey in soft clay, and bake the mass till it cracks.

Europe went through many stages before its culinary progress culminated in French refinements on cookery. The banquets of Homer are enough to give a modern reader a sharp twinge of dyspepsy. The huge ruddy joints twirling languidly before a fierce fire of crackling logs, the platters heaped with half-roasted meat, the barbaric plenty and coarse sensualism, were worthy of the grim Valhalla of the Sagas. Were the gastric nerves stronger then than now? Was Agamemnon, was Ajax, really an overmatch in vital energy for some chosen navvy or life-guardsmen of our day? Probably not. Most likely the explanation is to be found in the simple fact, that the old spear-throwing heroes lived very sparsely on ordinary occasions, as Greeks have always lived, and had but occasional saturnalia of plentiful butcher's meat.

Athens, Rome, and the rich and learned colonies that sprang from those great commonwealths, cooked on a settled system. They had skilful professors of the art; they had furnaces, ovens, stoves, saucepans, spits, and stewpans. We could not relish all their dishes; their taste and ours would be often at variance. But they were more decent and reasonable in their ordinary style of living than our own hippophagic ancestors of the Gothic irruption, who ate flesh like wolves, and swilled ale and mead like nothing on earth but their drunken, valiant selves. Rome taught them better things, but they were slow to learn the lesson. Feudal kitchens were more picturesque than agreeable; let us try and conjure one up.

A great draughty room, of course above ground, and often at some distance from the main body of the castle or manor-house; a huge smoky fire burning in a monstrous central fireplace of blackened stone, while before the glowing logs revolve five or six spits laden with meat, capons, and game, slowly twirled by strings pulled by two bandy-legged dogs, and as many half-naked urchins, whose whole lives are devoted to that intellectual office. John Cook, clad in white, and with the ladle of office, stands solemnly by, basting the joints, and tapping vigorously on the heads of boy and dog, whenever the roast begins to burn. Scullions, male and female, bustle from oven to stewpan, from the pipkins to the great pot swinging over the fire, squabbling, jeering, and battering on scraps and trimmings of the feast. Meanwhile, in the high gallery, staff in hand, stands my lady the châtelaine, scolding, chiding, threatening stripes for sluttish Joan, stocks for tipsy Will, bread and water for all the recalcitrants, and often descending to lay no light correction on the shoulders of her slow-witted domestics.

Now for the banquet. Trumpets sound, harps twangle, and the falconets and sakers on the wall without—if we are far enough advanced to be younger than Friar Bacon, who invented gunpowder, or King

Edward, who put gunpowder to use—roar forth a peal of triumph. Knights and ladies, queens and princes, sit at meat, and pages serve on bended knee, and the old monkish chronicler, boozey and grateful, in his corner jots down on the monastery vellum a high-flown account of the proceedings. But I do not believe they were by any means as fine and splendid as Father Bruno would have us think them; and I am convinced the mistress of the house, in especial, did not enjoy them in the least. How should she? She has wrangled and fought over every item of the bill of fare. That very peacock, glorious with outspread tail and gilded legs, before which the young knights are making rash vows to slay impossible hosts of the Paynim, has been as a nightmare to disturb her rest: the trouble which it took to gild the claws and beak of that tiresome bird, to adjust its train and truss its wings, was only equalled by the toil required to mould that fortress of a pasty, from whose top-crust the live dwarf has just popped his ugly head, amid the laughter of the company. The whole feast represents an amount of planning, work, bullying, and watchfulness that would drive modern housekeepers mad.

It must not be for an instant supposed that even lords and ladies, in the feudal ages, fared sumptuously in their everyday life. They no more looked for peacocks and swans, for pies of nightingales' tongues, or for huge sturgeons baked whole, than middle-class households of our time expect green turtle and guineahens at a family dinner. Those who lived in comparative luxury, long years back, had a wearisome diet of corned-beef, smoked wildfowl, stockfish, and salt brawn, with scarcely a vegetable to vary it through the winter-season. Master Cook's ingenuity was reserved almost entirely for the glad days of summer and fresh provisions.

It is probable that the French cooks, however reluctant they might be to admit the fact, derived the first principles of their art from intercourse with Italy. The Medicean queens of France brought many things with them to their adopted country—among others, poisons, perfumes, and cookery. Paris gradually began to take the lead in gastronomic science; but it was not until the reign of Louis the Magnificent that its renown became acknowledged in England. In the meantime, of other national kitchens, the unctuous Spanish one, with its dishes redolent of oil and garlic, was the most remarkable. Russia could offer few native delicacies to the traveller; a miserable mess of cabbage-soup, caviare, quass, and pickled herrings being the chief productions of her indigenous artists. Holland, again, invented little save watersouchee, the boast of Low-Country tables; and though the British and Spanish colonies had many a delicious titbit in the shape of fish or fowl, the dressing was inferior to the material.

Turkish cookery, using the word in its broadest sense, so as to take in all the settled Mohammedan nations of West Asia, was more original in its conceptions. Without dwelling on the lambs roasted whole, and stuffed with fruit, with spices, and occasionally with drugs, for the sake of a new flavour, the pilaff demands mention. A pilaff—which is neither ragout, nor mince-meat, nor even hotch-potch, but a wondrous mingling of all three—is just the succulent greasy dish to suit the appetite of an Asiatic. Then the kabobs, well seasoned, broiled on skewers of jasmine or arbutus, and eaten without the help of forks, are certainly the poetry of mutton. Rissoles are as deftly made, and soups as skilfully thickened, by turbaned men as by the neatest-handed Phillis of the West. Lastly, the cucumber stuffed, not with pearls, but with rice and minced fowl, is a delight to the voyager who was lucky enough to be well grounded in his *Arabian Nights* before leaving the nursery.

English cookery, as it has existed for a century and a half, leaves much room for improvement. Scotland, urged by state reasons to a close alliance with France,

learned many a lesson in culinary science which the southern part of our island had no chance of receiving. England, however, was loath to learn from her old Gallic foe; and the few hints acquired in the days of the Stuarts were forgotten when war closed the road between London and Paris. England, in the eighteenth century, was but ill off in respect of a good culinary ensample. To copy the German kitchen was impossible. Even such a good courtier as Sarah of Marlborough could not long go on eating sour-kraut, as a practical compliment to the House of Hanover. The British nobility tried to like the raw ham, Hamburg sausage, pickled cabbage, and well-kept oysters, which their new masters loved, but soon gave up the effort in despair. A long period of anarchy succeeded. Travelled persons—and these were very few, in a day when travel was almost the exclusive privilege of young lords, yawning through the grand tour in company with a cassoaked tutor and a supple valet—used to import French cooks, and maintain a table in foreign style. On the other hand, the Squire Westerns of the country party prided themselves on the size of their joints, the rawness of their steaks, and their contempt for alien 'kickshaws.' Had not this rough style of preparing food for the table had its intrinsic demerits, the question would have been simply one of taste. Unhappily, however, human beings are neither ostriches nor gifted with the purse of Fortunatus; and the 'good old English fare' of traditional usage was both dear and indigestible.

It was bad enough that cookmaids should have been, as a rule, the most obstinate and ignorant females to be hired for money, blindly and hopelessly prejudiced against improvement, and sworn contemners of the true principles of their art. It was bad enough that roasts should be scorched on one side, raw on the other; that fierce fires, fast boiling, heavy puddings, and vegetables dyed to a deep green by unwholesome juxtaposition with halfpence, should have been British institutions.

But it was far more pitiful that the women of our working-classes—the wives, mothers, and sisters of our artisans and farm-labourers—should have known so little about good and cheap food, palatably dressed at small cost. Their French sisters, their Dutch and German sisters—almost all continental women of the same order—can conjure up a meal that shall be at once frugal and good of its kind. And as with cottagers and the wives of mechanics, so with soldiers. The helplessness of our men on a campaign is proverbial. They can fight, but not cook. A stray Zouave or Chasseur will kindle his fire, improvise his oven, and dress a dinner under the most wretched circumstances—very likely tossing omelets out of a helmet, and compounding savoury stews in a shaving-can. Unhappily, the art of cooking has been, till very lately, despised among us. It has been esteemed as a mere toilsome occupation, within the compass of any volunteer who had the courage to confront grease, heat, and blackened fingers.

The schools for teaching cookery are excellent things, above all, when the knowledge imparted is of a character suited to the domestic life of the millions. No idea is more thoroughly a mistaken one than that skilled cookery is an expensive and prodigal process. It is possible to be expert and thrifty at one and the same time, and ignorance is apt to be wasteful in the kitchen as well as in other departments. It is wonderful for what small sums a great public kitchen, such as that of one of our model prisons, turns out its thousand rations of nutritious and appetising food. There is no waste there, no neglect: things are made the most of; and while the dinners are excellent, the bill is not too high. The prisoners could not fare so well elsewhere for anything like the low price of their entertainment. It is a pity that this should be as it is—that Britannia's best culinary efforts should benefit the burglar and the

garrotter, while English workers so often fare ill and scantily, less from lack of means than want of knowledge.

LITTLE ROSEBUD.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

MANY years ago—say forty, it is not far wrong—there stood, in a pretty country town about fifteen miles from London, a house of this description: it was solidly built of red brick, with white stone-facings, was three stories high, and six windows wide; it had a cheerful green street-door, with a bright brass knocker, and a plate of the same ominous material announced that it was 'Mr Parker's Commercial, Classical, and Mathematical Academy for Young Gentlemen.' I will give presently an extract from Mr Parker's prospectus, which will do justice to his pretensions and qualifications; at present, it is sufficient to say that his house was always filled with the sons of well-to-do farmers and trades-people; and that, whatever else were deficient, plain, wholesome food abounded, and every Saturday night yellow soap and hot water were liberally enforced. Mr Parker's weekly presence at the parish church with his hardy, shining-faced troop, was an advertisement which mothers had in his favour, and challenged their husbands to dispute.

At this academy, in the tenth year of its era, there arrived a new master. Mr Parker had advertised in the *Times* for 'an assistant competent to instruct the junior classes fully, and to assist the principal in directing the studies of the seniors.' Good health and good morals were indispensable, and 'suitable remuneration'—£30 a year—was offered. The newspaper aforesaid was forwarded, by reason of its containing this advertisement, to the Rev. Miles Stanton, at Deerdale, in Yorkshire, by his attached friend and old schoolfellow, John Smith, a respectable corn-dealer in the City. Mr Smith remarked in a letter accompanying the paper, that, in his opinion, school-keeping was a poor trade, and that school advertisements were all more or less claptrap; that the Rev. Miles and he could recollect being unfairly thrashed, ill-fed, and ill-taught at £45 per annum, 'under the paternal care and first-rate instruction' of that old rascal Jones; that he would far rather himself put a lad of nineteen into a money-making business; but that every man had his own crotchets; and that having been requested to look out for such an advertisement as the one in question, he sent it without missing a post. He had been to the register-office to which application was directed, and been assured that the advertiser was respectable, the school in fair middle-class repute. If the Rev. Miles thought the situation worth his son's having, he must apply without loss of time; if the boy took it, he would meet him in London, and keep him a few days at his house on his way to Dulford.

Oh! those old-fashioned country parsons' families of long ago, before railways and telegraphs existed, when London seemed as far off as Babylon does from us moderns; when a London paper, rarely seen, was looked on by inexperienced youth as a leaf of a great mystery; when life, untold, seemed something vague, misty, terrifying, yet inviting; when each country-bred boy and girl of intellect and sensibility felt conscious of possessing latent heroism, and saw that its exercise would be required! Are there any such families now? Is there any corner of England yet unreached by the materialising influence of 'stokers and pokers'?

Miles Stanton had taken a first-class at Cambridge; had fallen in love, married a good, pretty girl, without a penny, and settled down in Yorkshire on a perpetual curacy of £150 per annum, twenty years before the time at which we introduce

him. At first, all had gone gaily as a marriage bell with him and the wife of his heart; the small income sufficed for their modest wants and charities; they discharged their parochial duties faithfully. Their recreations were books, walks in lovely scenery, mutual companionship. Children came, and were dearly welcome; sickness came; it was received with resignation, but it brought expenses; and then succeeded anxieties and pinchings. By the time that the paper containing Mr Parker's advertisement arrived at the Deerdale parson's, he wore shoes of uncouth make, with unseemly patches, and a coat in which black had given way to green. Mrs Stanton's dress was ten years behind the times in date, and the children's attire was quaint and old-fashioned as could be. But what an interesting group they were! The parents, refined by education and self-sacrifice; the little children, personifications of sturdy health, and intelligent enjoyment; the elder, too thoughtful for their years, too sensitive, too imaginative.

The best fitted for the battle of life, however, was fortunately Miles, junior, whom the advertisement was intended to suit. His father had given him an education which had made him, more than a year earlier, fit to matriculate; but funds were absolutely not. The youth's tastes were literary; his abilities, said his parents, first-rate. It would be a thousand pities not to do the little they could do to push him on in the direction that his intellect took; his only chance, however, was to go as usher into a school, read hard while instructing others, and get finally to the university in one of the humble ways open to indigent talent. The young man was willing and sanguine. The undue idealism which threatened his peace was happily balanced by a light-heartedness which was the result of excellent health. The refinement of mind which must receive many shocks during his domestication with vulgar and common-place people, would preserve him from contracting any coarseness. He laughed at Mr Smith's note, applied, in a letter dictated by his father, to Mr Parker, for the honourable post he had to bestow, and was accepted by that person with secret exultation at his own good-fortune, and becoming expressions of condescension. Miles kissed father and mother, brothers and sisters, and followed by the prayers and blessings of fond and pious hearts, departed on the top of the coach to London.

John Smith was too sensible and good-tempered to feel irritated because he could not make his friend see things as he saw them; and with a heart full of kindness, he hastened to the coach-office in good time on the day fixed for Miles's arrival, 'that the poor lad,' as he said to his wife, 'might not feel friendless and disheartened in that great wilderness.' He recognised him at once, as much by the air and tone, so different from his fellow-passengers, to whom the busy world and its ways were not new, as by a likeness to his father at the same age. Approval mingled with the recognition. He saw that there was more material, more work in the younger Miles than in the elder; said to himself that he would never settle down like his father, contented with having merely achieved a college reputation; sighed to think how energetic a man of business was about to be spoiled, but resolved generously that he would do all he could for the boy. It pleased him to find that he was by no means handsome: he had known, he said, hardly any handsome man worth his salt. Women made fools of all good-looking fellows, and spoiled all respectable ambition in them. Mrs Smith agreed with him, but added that Miles's healthiness, intelligence, and good figure prevented his being plain; and she, being a motherly-hearted, though childless woman, made Miles so truly at home, that by the time his three days' visit to her house came to end, he had imparted to her not only all his own hopes and feelings, but an exact statement of all domestic affairs in the modest household

at Deerdale; she had written to tell Mrs Stanton that she felt as if she had known her and hers all her life; that she hoped she would feel the same towards her, and accept, as it was meant, five pounds to buy frocks or whatever else she pleased for the dear children. Then Miles, modernised in dress by the good-will and good taste of his new friends, and with a few pounds in his pocket, 'that he might not feel as if he wanted for anything in a strange place,' set out on a new journey, and felt more vividly than before that 'the world was all before him,' and his brave young spirit resolved not to shrink from what seemed tremendous because it was untried.

The stage-coach deposited Miles at Mr Parker's door at about five o'clock on one Saturday evening in the beginning of October. A clean, homely, middle-aged maid-servant opened the door, and took in his luggage, put him into a front-parlour, and said she would tell master. Part of Miles's first letter home tells best his first impressions; so we copy it:

'DARLING MOTHER—I know how you and all at home, "sweet home," long to know what your boy thinks of his new world, and he longs no less to tell you; the more, perhaps, because he thinks he sees already that he can have no real communion with the people among whom his lot is for a while cast. Now, I am not out of spirits, not a bit of it; but what is the use of writing to you unless I tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" Parker received me very civilly; his wife acknowledged me very coldly, but gave me a good tea, by a glorious fire, and made me bodily very comfortable. They are a curious pair, both of them somewhere about forty. He is vulgar, and affects a jollity of manner which stiffens me. She is sternly simple and straightforward in demeanour, and strikes me as being either unhappy or very crabbed. I take most to her, however; she seems to me genuine, and I mean to be very attentive to her. The house is handsome, compared with our own, but has none of the look of refinement which certain books and arrangements have familiarised to us. The boys look healthy and happy, and well fed. It is really ridiculous to attempt a judgment yet, but I cannot help it. I suspect that Parker knows little, and teaches less; that all the labour falls on the assistant, and that he, if he choose, may be tolerably idle without giving umbrage. Parker told me last night that he did not object to my ignorance of school-routine—that I should understand it in a week. He said he had been mainly desirous "to secure a person who was a gentleman in manners and appearance, and who had had such an education as my father was especially calculated to give." I asked him imprudently to which university he belonged. He said to neither—that, in point of fact, his education had been very desultory, and he had got on by industry and quick wits. "You see, sir, my wife had a little money, which gave me a start. I have a flourishing school; and could have more boys, if I had room for them." I am to be in the schoolroom every morning at seven, and to be "monarch of all I survey" till ten. Parker alleges—but I do not believe him—that he has never conquered a youthful habit of sitting up late at night to read hard, and that consequently he cannot get up early in the morning. At all events, I will do my best; and it is as well, because it spares my hot temper, that I am not likely to be subject to any of the slights and insults incident to sensitive ushers, as set forth in that affecting tale of Reginald Rogers, over which, for my sake, poor dear Mary cried her eyes out. This morning we went to church at eleven, heard a good, solid "high and dry" sermon from a learned-looking old gentleman, and dined at one. At two, the boys took me for a long ramble through a pretty, tame, undulating country. There is no afternoon service; the vicar officiates in a neighbouring parish. At five,

we had tea; and now I write to you. I had become quite sorry to leave those dear Smiths. They made me take ten pounds; and were so fatherly and motherly that I had no feeling about it but thankfulness. It is a great lift. I can now—as I always intended—repay what my clothes and travelling cost you, and yet begin the world rich, with a prospect of saving, for future expenses, most of my first year's salary. I had forgotten Parker's prospectus; it is not worth while to pay double postage for it, so I copy an extract which is conclusive: "The system of instruction adopted at this establishment is the same as that pursued at the Charterhouse—a system which, if well conducted and rightly understood, cannot fail, by a combination of right ideas, to lead the pupil to the Temple of Fame." I know that my father shudders, but I must give you a little more. "The house, formerly the residence of Fitzmaurice Stubbs, Esq., M.P., is exquisitely located, contiguous to the rich foliage of the Bangham Woods, and encircled by gardens surrounded by other gardens." Now I am thrown for companionship on the man who thinks this—I was going to say, logical English, but he does not know what logical means—the perfection of composition; on boys whose fathers deem it very fine; and on the mysterious mistress of the mansion. She, however, seems disposed to keep me at a distance. Laugh with, while you pity your loving son.

Miles had made a favourable impression at Parker's. The servants said it was easy to see that he was a born gentleman, and had been well brought up, because he spoke always gently to them, gave very little trouble, and, without being asked, left his dirty shoes at the foot of the stairs, and put on his slippers. There was a spirit of Home surrounding him, which went to Mrs Parker's heart, and, without her realising what it was, made her sigh for an element wanting in her formal household, and feel kinder towards him than towards any one else. Parker's chief complacency arose from his belief that his school gained increased respectability from Miles's appearance; but he was moreover pleased to find how deferentially the young man, in so many ways his superior, treated him. It made him comfortable in his own estimation, and raised him, he thought, in the estimation of his neighbours.

Meanwhile, Miles, despite all his heroic resolve, felt as if the horse-in-the-mill routine must kill him, or break his spirit. It is sufficiently dull work to teach even clever boys, and when they have begun to appreciate an explanation of critical beauty; but to drill coarse dull ones day after day in mere rudiments, is the dreariest of employments. In Miles's case, there was no relief, no amusement, no society, and his health suffered. He had exchanged domestic love for formality, bracing mountain-air for the atmosphere of a low country, perfect freedom of expression for total reserve. Letters were but a partial solace; they could not be frequent because of the expense. How he wished that the vicar's family would take a fancy to him! but there was no chance of that; the only communication between them and the Parkers was a formal parochial visit paid duly once a year. They had indeed remarked the gentlemanlike usher, and spoken compassionately of him as evidently out of his sphere. Mrs Latham had even lamented that they could not shew him any kindness, without either making an enemy of his vulgar principal, or involving themselves in an acquaintance with him; but that was all; and thus might the case have remained, but for the vicious intentions of a furious cow, thwarted in her motherly instincts by the removal of her calf. Miles was strolling listlessly by the river-side one half-holiday, while the boys amused themselves at will, when he heard a cry of distress, and looking round, saw a little boy pursued by a beast that was fast gaining on him. To rush to the rescue was an impulse that he acted on so speedily that he got between

the terrified child and the cow. With equal presence of mind and good-fortune, he picked up a stone, and sent it with such good aim, that the animal received a blow in one eye, which stunned and blinded her. Miles lifted the boy safely over a high gate, just in time to prevent his fainting. It was certainly a double gratification to have rendered so important a service to the vicar's only son, whom Miles knew well by sight; and the absolute necessity for taking him home was a very welcome one. Mrs Latham's love and alarm did full justice to the risk Miles had incurred, and the calamity which he had been the means of averting. The boy, Walter, declared that two minutes later he must have been killed, for his legs were giving way, his eyes were dim, and the cow was very near. Father, mother, sister, attached servant, all united in the warmest thanks; and thus Miles became suddenly domesticated in the only family for whose sympathy he had longed since he arrived in Dulford. He was entreated to call as often as he could, and to say when he could dine with them without infringing on his duties.

Mr Latham's income was but £300 a year; but having a parsonage and only two children, his position was far easier than Mr Stanton's; and thus Miles was brought into contact with many comforts and luxuries new to him. He gained a step socially as well as in happiness, but felt and betrayed no awkwardness. He had the easiness of adaptation to persons and circumstances which always accompanies his class of intellect, and he fell into his place as valued and indulged young friend, as if he had always filled it. Parker put no impediment in the way of his spending always one weekly half-holiday at the vicarage, and dining there on Sundays and on some other special occasions. He saw that Miles, whom he wished to retain, looked better and worked more cheerfully since he had made friends, and he thought, moreover, that his own social importance was increased by his being able to tell his own patrons and associates that his assistant's father's college reputation was well known to Mr Latham. An extract from a letter of Miles's is a good picture of his life and feelings at this period.

'DARLING MOTHER—I was so glad to hear from you this morning. I hope that my happiness will always increase yours. I am indeed far better off than any of us thought that I could be in my present position. There is the same distance between me and the Parkers, the same respect for her resolute performance of duty, the same total want of confidence in him. The boys are as dull and plebeian as ever; the house is as unhomelike, but I heed it not. I get merrily through my own work, and shew satisfactory interest in the sum-books and fine penmanship which are Parker's glory. I complimented this morning a vindictive-looking spread-eagle with which the captain of the school had adorned the first page of his copy-book, and which Parker deemed the *ne plus ultra* of art. I covered and lettered an old tattered Corderius for him, and told him I would observe to my father that I did not think he valued the work sufficiently. In fact, I feel thoroughly well disposed to every one, and all simply because I have a kind welcome ever awaiting me at the Lathams'. That precious cow! If I had to win my coat-of-arms as well as my daily bread, I would choose that cow rampant for my crest. Mrs Latham's genial smile—her husband's benevolent, learned, refined conversation—Walter's fondness for my society—and Amy's welcome, shewn in many little ways, make me so thoroughly at home, after knowing what it is to be wretchedly the reverse. If I could but bring you all here, or send the Lathams to see you! To-morrow-year I arrived here. How little I thought that in going hence I could regret anything; and yet events and persons must change radically if, in circumstances however prosperous, I leave Dulford without a pang.'

Another year passed, and the Lathams were unchanged, and Miles was still happy. It was night; he had gone to bed healthily tired, and fallen asleep soon. He was awaked by screams and cries for mercy. He sprang out of bed, put on his clothes as quickly as possible, and rushed into the passage. He was met by a servant, who implored him to 'go to master's room for fear he'd kill missus.' Miles was there in a moment. The door was locked; Parker was uttering frightful imprecations, and evidently dealing dreadful blows; the wife's cries and entreaties were growing fainter. 'Call the boys Williams and Briggs directly,' said Miles; 'tell them to come to me; and send two of the others, one to Mr Latham, and the other to the butcher, for help. Be quick. I will break open the door; but that man may overpower me if I am alone.' He threw his whole weight against the door; it gave way; and he beheld Parker, dressed and furiously intoxicated, standing over his senseless wife, from whose head blood was streaming. To knock Parker down was the work of a moment; to keep him down, not so easy; but Williams and Briggs, two strong lads of seventeen and eighteen, came; and the three dragged him, foaming and screaming, into the inner room, threw him on the floor, and locked him in. The maid-servants had raised the unhappy and unconscious wife, and laid her on the bed. Some one had gone for the doctor. Miles breathed, and looked on the horror-struck and wondering faces around him. 'What does all this mean?' he asked.

'Mean!' said the butcher, who, being the nearest neighbour, had first arrived to help. 'Why, that old Parker's beastly drunk, and has half-killed his wife: not the first time either, I reckon. It have often seemed queer to me that night after night, all the year round, I saw a light burnin' in that 'ere window far into the morning. Folks said he sat up to his books. Don't b'lieve it, said I; more likely to sit over his cups, if there's any truth in a man's red nose and pimply face; but I didn't think he was such an out-and-out ruffian.' Light flashed on Miles: the study inside the bedroom, just so situated that no one could be asked into it—Parker's unfitness to rise in the morning—the wife's suppressed manner—her joyless performance of her daily duties; and yet it seemed impossible. 'Why, how could such a secret be kept so long?' he asked. 'I never suspected it myself—never heard it hinted.'

'Ah, master, the poor wife kept the secret. Don't you call to mind now how she never took pleasure in nothing, but went about stern-like, meddling with nobody's business, and minding her own? What 'ud 'a become o' the school if she hadn't seen that the boys had good victuals and drink, and that they were washed and combed, and mended? And didn't the nasher as was here afore you say one day down at the blacksmith's that he could astonish people if he liked? I see it all now, plain as a pikestaff. Murder will out; pity it didn't come out sooner. What a life that poor soul has led! And hear to how he curses!' Horrible sounds did indeed proceed from Parker's room; and while the listeners dreaded the wife's recovering her consciousness so as to hear them, no one, for fear of the consequences, dared propose to move her before the doctor had seen her. He came as soon as possible; said it might cost her life to awake to the use of her senses in that room; and, with help, carried her tenderly to the remotest part of the house. She had received, he found, frightful blows on the head, but the skull was not fractured. The loss of blood was perhaps in her favour; at all events, he hoped so. She must be kept in the dark, and perfectly quiet. Who could be trusted to stay with her? It should be some one superior to a servant—some one who would keep others away. Mrs Latham volunteered to stay till some one else could be found. The next point was to dispose of

Parker. He was evidently wearing himself out, and he had become less violent, but it was thought nevertheless prudent to handcuff him, and he was put into a cart, and placed in the town Bridewell.

It is bewildering to think of the consequences of one action: we could not bear to know and grasp them all. Volumes might be filled with the various results of Parker's conduct on this night, if they could be traced wherever they extended. There were sixteen boys of different ages to be scattered in other families—there were three servants to be disposed of—Parker and his wife must commence life anew, elsewhere, and in different circumstances. And what must our beloved Miles do? What a mercy it is that we have life only from minute to minute, and for most of us that we move in a small circle! The doctor was gone. The boys had been sent back to bed, and desired to go to sleep, which, of course, they did not, but regaled one another with conjectures as to whether Mrs Parker would die; if she did die, would her husband be hanged? and if she lived, would he beat her again for having called out for help? This being all given up as too difficult for determination, they filled up the time till daylight with such stories as the recent event suggested; and as at that period there were no penny newspapers, and very few newspapers at all, the young soul felt more horrified, and the young intellect more exercised than is possible in this generation, which is familiarised day by day with murder and suicide: the demand almost seeming to create the supply. Miles walked up and down the schoolroom; his thoughts at first dwelt much on the miserable pair with whom he had lived two years, unconscious, and even unsuspecting of the concealed sin and suffering connected with them. His confidence had received its first shock. An ingenuous young person feels exceeding pain in the first realisation of the fact, that external propriety and the semblance of good principle may for many years co-exist with vicious habits. Next he grieved that he had not been kinder to poor Mrs Parker; and then he thought of himself. He must go elsewhere. What a multitude of thoughts and feelings was connected with this certainty! What a complete change had come over him! He could almost doubt if he were the Miles of twenty-four hours previously. How anxious his father and mother would be!—how shocked! And how miserable he should be among strangers again, and without the Lathams! How he wanted to talk, but there was no one to talk to yet. Mr Latham had gone home to his alarmed children, Mrs Latham stayed with Mrs Parker. It was a relief when the good-natured servant, who had received him on his first arrival at Dulford, brought him a large cup of hot strong tea, told him to drink it, for that he wanted it as much as any one, and that when it was gone, she would bring a couple of blankets to the sofa in the parlour, and that he was to lie down and go to sleep till she called him.

We will hurry over a few of the following events. The boys' parents removed them as soon as possible. Poor Mrs Parker did not recover. It was supposed she died from the shock to her nervous system, as her wounds, though severe, were not necessarily fatal. It was thought to be happy for her that her life was over. Her husband was tried for manslaughter, and transported. The Lathams took Miles to stay with them, while he formed new plans. With Mr Smith's willing aid, he got a mastership in a school of very superior standing, with increased salary; and as his services would not be required till after the coming Christmas vacation, and the journey into Yorkshire was very expensive, Mr Smith suggested his paying him a visit in the interim. This was thankfully accepted; but it was with a heavy heart that Miles counted the few days yet remaining of his visit to the Lathams. He had become thoroughly at home with them, sincerely attached to them all,

and, hurried on by unlooked-for circumstances, he acknowledged to himself that his whole human happiness was involved in Amy. The feeling might have smouldered for years, had not the even tenor of their daily intercourse been troubled by the excitement of recent occurrences, and the prospect of inevitable separation. Miles felt that his love was part of his character—strong, uncompromising, perseverant. That Amy responded to it, he did not doubt; he had never asked her, but he knew it. He thought that her mother was aware of it, and not displeased; but he was sure that Mr Latham did not suspect it, and he anticipated opposition from him. He was undecided how to act. He would not say anything to Amy without her parents' permission, and he dreaded asking that permission, because, if it were withheld, he must shorten his stay at the vicarage. However, he could not go away without knowing how he stood in the matter; he would rather know the worst. Therefore, on the third night before the day fixed for his leaving, he followed Mrs Latham, when he wished her good-night, and said: 'Dear Mrs Latham, may I ask the vicar's leave to win Amy?' She was a little startled, but did not look surprised, and said: 'Yes, Miles; but I cannot encourage you to hope. Mr Latham has never contemplated the possibility of parting from her, and has often said that he thought it a great hardship to bring up daughters for other people. Then, again, your position is but promise—good, hopeful promise, certainly; but health and life are very uncertain.'

'I know all that, Mrs Latham; but as much may be said, after all, of every human desire and project, and I *cannot* go without understanding distinctly what is before me. I think that my temperament requires a certain amount of prevision in order to work effectively.'

Mrs Latham smiled—the smile of a kind mother and observant woman, and said: 'But Amy, Miles—are you sure of Amy?'

'Dear Mrs Latham, I am sure that a girl so young, innocent, and candid as Amy would not treat me so freely as a brother if she could not come to love me in a nearer relation. I know she is sorry I am going away. Is she not?'

'I think, Miles, that you and I had better not talk more on this matter till you have seen Mr Latham; I shall leave you to make your own beginning. Good-night.'

Who has not watched for an opportunity to say something critical, and when the opportunity has come, been afraid to use it? The very next morning, Mr Latham asked Miles to take a walk with him. The good vicar talked of the poor people in the parish, of some crying evils there, of the winter prospects, of all that suggests itself most naturally to the good country clergyman, and for some time did not, being full of his subjects, observe Miles's pre-occupation. At length turning suddenly round, and facing him, he said: 'You are out of spirits, my young friend—you must not give way. I know you are sorry to leave us, and we are sorry to lose you; but even had not this wretched business occurred, we must have separated in another year, that you might pursue your honourable ambition. You will do well—you will make other friends. Come, cheer up!' Miles felt a now-or-never impulse, and with a burning face, said: 'I shall never be in any other house, Mr Latham, what I have been in yours. If even I make other friends as kind and familiar as you and Mrs Latham, I shall never find any one as lovely, good, and dear to me as Amy is; and desperate as the act is made by my poverty and youth, I cannot go without telling you, and asking you, in remembrance of your own early love, to let me hope that if I succeed in life as well as, with God's blessing, I expect to succeed, you will one day give me Amy for my wife.'

If one could have divested one's self of sympathy, one must have laughed at the utter astonishment, mixed with indignation, in the good old man's face. He was literally speechless. Amy asked in marriage! She was a mere child but yesterday. Amy, his only daughter, ever to be taken from him! Why, he had looked forward to her care for both her mother and himself, when they became aged and helpless. And, besides, no one could understand her as well as her mother—no one could take the same care of her as her father. What! had he thought, and toiled, and planned, and saved for this beloved girl, only that she might be taken away from him by a comparative stranger—and she not seventeen. Miles Stanton was not what he had taken him to be: he was either very foolish, or very presumptuous. All this of course flashed through his mind in a tenth of the time occupied in writing it; but Miles, strengthened in resolution by having acted, felt prepared to meet whatever was said; to hear the worst, and conquer it. Mr Latham's voice shook a little when he said: 'I am so utterly surprised, Miles, that I cannot express myself—I do not even know where to begin. If a man of independent means, a man who, according to fair human foresight, could provide for a wife after death as well as during life, asked me for my darling child, I should be angry with him, alarmed, sorry; but you—God forbid that I should hurt any one's feelings! I would especially be tender with the young and struggling—but that you, a mere boy, your future path in life a mere plan, that you should ask me to promise her to you, is wilder than any action of a sane man with which I am acquainted.'

'I know it—I see it as you see, Mr Latham. I see all in perhaps even a stronger light than you do, for my whole human happiness is in your hands; but, nevertheless, let me talk to you. You know enough of my father's character to be sure that I have been carefully brought up; you see for yourself that I have health, and a more than average share of energy and resolution. You have more than once encouragingly told me that I only want time and opportunity, and that I shall get on. If I succeed, even moderately, I may by this time five years be ordained, take pupils, and do well, as many men do, and by that time Amy will be older. I ask only to be allowed to keep this prospect before me, to correspond with you and Mrs Latham, if not with Amy; and with this understanding, to come and see you sometimes.'

With a sudden painful flash of thought, Mr Latham said: 'Does Amy know all this? Have you said anything to Amy?'

'No, Mr Latham; I would not, without your permission, venture to do that.'

'I am glad of it; not that she would be likely to love any one as well as her parents, but she would have been excited—embarrassed. In this you have behaved well; and, to do you justice, you have behaved well in the openness with which you have come to me; but I cannot give the permission that you ask. You must leave us with a clear understanding that I promise nothing; and that I prohibit your expressing, either by letter or in person, to my daughter, that you feel more in her regard than the kindness which exists naturally among young people who have spent pleasant days together, and whose parents approve of their acquaintance. I do not say, do not write to my wife or me: I could not say that to a man who saved my child from imminent peril—perhaps death; but I cannot say, come and stay with us. At all events, I cannot say so now: I have been surprised; I am agitated; I will talk to Mrs Latham.' He held out his hand; Miles shook it warmly, and understood that he wished to be left alone.

Mrs Latham had a talent for domestic life, and used it well. Ever self-forgetting, minutely attentive to little things, perfectly sincere, and genuinely kind, she

infused a sense of repose into her family and friends. Every one trusted her. Miles felt perfectly at ease about the conversation that Mr Latham proposed to have with her. He knew that, without opposing her husband, she would smooth everything; that she would take a broader view of all the circumstances; that she was more hopeful, understood Amy better, and was fonder of himself. This soothing conviction, and a brisk walk, enabled him to join the little dinner-party without confusion of manner; and Mrs Latham's cordiality and liveliness kept things going much as usual. It was not uncommon for the vicar to be taciturn, and on an occasion like the present, it was a relief to have him so. Miles knew intuitively that Mrs Latham was aware of all that had passed between him and her husband, and that she would want to talk to him; there was, however, no opportunity that evening, and it passed in the ordinary way. Amy had been decidedly less merry on each succeeding day, but that was only natural. She talked openly and simply, as her brother did, of being so sorry that Miles was going, and how they should miss him; but her mother thought as Miles did, that other love was but sleeping, and might be awaked by a breath. It seemed a pity to do it. One could understand her father's wishing to keep her ever as she was—neither child nor woman. 'Little Rosebud' was his pet-name for her, and very appropriate it was; she was so fair—so blooming; the prettiest blonde imaginable; and her figure, gestures, and movements had a certain graceful neatness which, in a home-scene like that parsonage, was exquisitely in tone.

That particular evening never forsook Miles's memory; to his dying day, he could summon her before his mind's eye as she was then. She was making a shirt for her father. Her little fingers, busy, but not hurried, took twenty pretty turns in five minutes; her long curling hair, pushed for convenience behind her ears, shewed to the full a delicate round cheek, with a low broad forehead just touched by thought. She looked the angel of home. The room was a blending of library and drawing-room: solid-looking books, pictures of reverend men and sober grandams on the walls; the vicar's bureau and writing materials in the snugest corner; for the rest, crimson furniture, women's work, autumn flowers, birds, a harpsichord, a bright fire. It was hard to say which was most delightful—this evening aspect, or that delicious summer one, when, with windows open, one sat on the cushioned window-seat—half hidden, if it so pleased you, by the curtains—looked into the well-kept garden, inhaled the rich perfume of those giant stocks, listened to that indefinite something which whispers in the air in summer twilight; and if the one you loved were near and true, felt that life was dangerously dear.

Part of the next morning was to be devoted by Mrs Latham to packing for Miles, and thus was afforded an opportunity for a private talk. She told him that she and the vicar had agreed that they should remain on the same mutual terms, provided that he promised to say nothing to Amy about his attachment to her; that he should write occasionally to either of them; and that he should come once or twice a year to see them; but that he must distinctly understand that there was no promise of Amy either given or implied; that they did not wish her to marry for many years; and that, if any one, suitable in every respect, presented himself, they should not oppose him. 'You understand, my dear Miles, that personally we have not only no objection to you, but a sincere regard for you; in fact, we have treated you as a son; but it is altogether too soon for you to think of marrying. We disapprove, for our child's sake, of the wear and tear of a long engagement, and we do not wish to have her heart touched while she is so young.' Poor Miles's face changed from pale to red, and from red to pale, while listening to his sentence; but his natural good

sense told him that it was as kind towards him as it was wise towards Amy. If she were capable of returning the love due to his love, she would be constant, though unbound by words. She would hear of him, he would hear of her—he would sometimes see her. All this darted through his mind before he took Mrs Latham's hand and kissed it.

Parting! and parting when one has to smother, and even hide, strong feeling! They breakfasted together for that last time, all sorry, all agitated; the vicar wishing it over; Mrs Latham's countenance varying, and her cheerful voice faltering when she spoke; for she loved the youth who had saved her boy, and who idolised her daughter, and she guessed at new and keen pain in the daughter's heart. But it is over at last. Mrs Latham has kissed Miles; Walter has clung sobbing round his neck, and been taken away by his father. Miles has clasped Amy's hand—he was not forbidden to do that—and something in that last grasp has made the poor Little Rosebud break down thoroughly. Something in Miles's last look at her has told her that he loves her better than his life—that the anguish of his farewell is for her. She and Walter sit down and cry together; and she is glad that he cries—it seems an excuse for her. She knows that his and her tears are very different; but if he cries, why should not she? The kind, wise mother makes an excuse to talk to the father about something in another room; and before long, comes back wanting some little help, something both children can do for her, something that will occupy and interest them a little; and the three spend the long morning together, while papa is at a parish meeting, and they do each other good. By dinner-time, Walter is as merry as ever; and mother and daughter are cheerful and very happy, and trustful in each other. They talk calmly about 'poor Miles'; are sure that the Smiths will make his visit pleasant to him; guess at the people with whom he is to live next; pity him for being so lonely as he must be at first; say that he is, however, sure to make friends; and how much he will have to tell when next he comes to see them. There is a sweet unexpressed new tie between mother and child; a few silent tears come into their eyes when they kiss for good-night; but each falls soon into the peaceful sleep that comes of active, innocent employment; and each awakes next morning, feeling that a new period in life has begun, and each is braced for it.

STANZAS.

O my Sweet, my Sweet, my Sweet!
May the dawning hold thee dear,
And the orient rose of day
Flush thy dreams with hues of May,
Till a richer dawn appear
In thine eyes, my Sweet!

O my Love, my Love, my Love!
May the kindly hours of day,
Each with blessing on its wings,
Bring thee gifts of glorious things;
And meridian's brightest ray
Light thy smiles, my Love!

O my Life, my Life, my Life!
Blest be all light that on thee shines;
The sun by day, the stars by night;
And blessed be the moon, whose light
Doth simulate the peace that shines
Thy gentle heart, my Life, my Life!

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